who at the same time was trying to say

something mean to him, suddenly arose from his chair and darted from

at the latter place said:

Then came a pause

If I were fair!

ride. If I were fair.

If I were fair,

If I were fair.

If I were fair.

second."

"What's the matter? You

"IF I WERE FAIR."

Hut Heauty's charm is strong, and Love obey The mystic witchery of her shy ways. If I were fair, my years would seem so few; Life would unfold sweet pictures to my view,

If I were fair,

Perhaps the baby, with a scream of joy,
To clasp my neck would throw away its toy,
And hide its dimples in my shining hair,
Hewilder'd by the maze of giory there!
But now—O: shadow of a young girl's face;
Uncolor'd lips that Pain's cold lingers trace,
You will not blame the child whose wee han

Not on the blighted bud, but on the rose

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Curious But All-Sufficient Cere

Mr. Martin Dupont was a justice of

burg. He had been elected to office

at the close of the war of 1813, and had

acted in his present capacity for nearly

were very common in those days, and

even now one does not have to search

far to find one of these self-complacent,

winning admiration from their asso-

eintes, who always have at their

which they play the leading part, but

of the moon over the left shoulder, or a

howling dog, has power to make them melancholy for a week.

as large a share of this world's goods as he had wished, Mr. Dupont was fully

and Margaret, should not be lacking in wealth. As for his son, he very wisely

concluded that a good education, added

to his natural abilities, would secure

for him a place in the world; and al-

ready Henry was showing the wisdom

of the plan, and by his rapid advance-

Having failed to secure for himself

mony.

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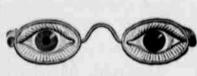
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A TWISTED TALE. nee on a time -this tale is true here itved an individual who effected his intellect field more han other men's did ten times o'er. fe had most everything down pat, inlightened folks on this and that,

He told the farmers how to till Their fields, their bins to overfill; He told the merchants how to sell Their goods that they their gates might swell; He told the writers what to write If they the people would delight: Prosperity to them would fall Who beeded him who knew it all

Much of his precious time was spent In howling at the government, And Providence he'd often rake For making some great big mistake. There wasn't anything but what He thought he knew it to a dot, And wisdom waited at the call Of him who used to know it all.

But strange as it may seem to you— This no more strange than it is trus— This man no'er did a single deed. To prove to other folks that he'd. The brains whereby he could invent A plan to make a single cent. Good lack it seemed would not beful This man who used to know it all:

One day he saw-this knowing fool-One day he saw—this knowing fool— A fariner try to lead a mule. The mule was stubborn-like and slow, And finally refused to go. And as the farmer pulled and swore The mule hung backward all the more "It won't do any good to maul The brute," said he who knew it all.

But I've a little plan, you bot! To make that mule get up and get The beast, I'll simply twist his tail!"
The beast, I'll simply twist his tail!"
The farmer said: "It will not do."
The wise man said he guessed he knew.
Biff: Bang!! The funeral was small
Of him who used to know it all. There may not be a moral here,

But yet this thought is pretty clear, We're very, sery, very wise. But yet some day to our surprise We may bump up against a fact, And get our dome of wisdom cracked Twere well to now and then recall

The tale of him who know it all.

-Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Time

OVER THE WIRE. Telegraph Talk As It

Looks in Type. Many Abbreviations and What They Mean-How an Operator Judges of a

Fellow Laborer's Temperament and Sentiments—Some Short Stories. There are pairs of men who have been in daily communication with each other over the same telegraph wire for years, and who have never seen each other. Each is well acquainted with the other's temperament, his moods, his disposition, and his sentiments. Telegraph instruments and telegraph wires
are unfeeling and stolid-looking
things. Yet, through them a man is
able to convey emotions of sorrow or
joy almost as plainly as they may be joy almost as plainly as they may be expressed facially. The fact is perfectly palpable to the man at one end of the wire, while he is receiving disthe wire, while he is receiving dis-patches, that the man who is sending them is ill or well, or—though the Love walts on Beauty, though sweet Love

sender may make use of no terms of he is in good temper or bad. In their conversation telegraphers use a system of abbreviations which enables them to say considerable more in a certain period of time than they otherwise could. It is not quite as compact as the Phillips code, but answers their requirements very well. Their morning greeting to a friend in a distant city is usually "g. m.," and the farewell in the evening "g. n.," the letters of course standing for good morning and good night. The salutation may be accompanied by an inquiry by one as to the health of the other, which would be expressed thus: "Hw r u ta A mng?" And the answer would be: "Im pty wl; hw r u?" or "I'm nt ffg vy

wl; fraid I've gt t malaria." fore whom they are placed says: "WI

hair and laughing long and heartily.

over a wire neither can succeed. Telegraphers have an old story about

his daughter should marry some rich man, but Margaret had fallen in love, very foolishly, according to her father's idea, with the principal of the Marlburg high school. Charles Foster had several times pleaded his suit in vain before Mr. Dupout. There was no fault in the young man, Mr. D. rather grudgingly admitted, except that all he had to de pend upon was his salary, but still no man should presume to become his son-in-law who had not money enough to support-his daughter in better style than that in which she was then living. He liked the school-teacher very wel as a friend, but as a son-in-law-that was quite another matter. Nevertheless Charles and Margaret did not despair of their cause, although Mr. Dupont was seemingly immovable. The thought of an elopement was ban-ished by them both as being dishonorable, and as no other plan seeme

particular time ne was engaged in a the bride; but at length, much to his very impotency, the very futility of it is maddening. Here is a man who has offered a grievous insult. Yet the inparticular time he was engaged in a case of some considerable importance in an adjoining town. On account of the nearness of the place it was Mr. sultee cannot get at the insulter to kick him. They may be separated by thou-sands of miles. The practice of calling Dupont's custom to drive his own horse back and forth and to spend his nights at home.

hard names is not infrequent, possibly, for that reason. "Fighting circuit" has several times driven men to the verge of frenzy. There is on record in the archives of the Western Union office in One night, on account of an unusual press of business, he was obliged to remain beyond his ordinary time of leaving, and after the work was completed New York the tale of an excitable he yielded to the urgent invitation of operator who, after a long and unsue-cessful struggle to say something mean to a man in Albany whom he hated, and his client to chat for a few moments. As they puffed away at the choice Havanas, they began to tell each other of various exciting adventures and wonderful experiences. Time slipped away so rapidly that it was after ten o'clock before the operating-room in New York city and ran down the stairs into the street. There be gazed wildly around, look-ing for some object on which to vent Mr. Dupont suddenly remembered that a seven-mile drive lay between him and his home. Hastily bidding his friend good-by, he started for the hotel stable to get his horse.

The weather had changed while the

ing for some object on which to vent his anger. Near him a peaceable, mild-locking gentleman was having his bots polished. The unhappy operator rabed at him, struck him in the face, and shouted: "Blank, blank you, you're always getting your boots blacked." But that was in the old days. Not always, however, have differ-ences arising over a wire been withbuots polished. The unhappy operator reshed at him, struck him in the face, and shouted: "Blank, blank you, you're always getting your boots blacked."

But that was in the old days.

Not always, however, have differences arising over a wire been without a bloodless termination. It has been the case on a number of co.

The weather had changed while the two gentlemen had been chatting, and now the ominous stillness and the cloudy sky admonished Mr. Dupont that, if he wished to get home before the rain began to fall, he must hasten. Hastily throwing a quarter to the sleepy hostler, he sprang into his buggy and set out on his home ward way.

The road home was a longly constitute of the case on a number of constitution of the case of The road home was a lonely one; houses were few and far between, and a been the case on a number of occasions that the insultee has boarded a train for the town of the insulter, and few miles out of Mariburg some lonely upon the insulter being pointed out to him the two have come together in an affray. But such instances are excepwoods lined the road on either side, and adjoining the woods was a graveyard.

As Mr. Dupont drove on into the darkness he began to become nervous, the weird stories that he had just been Even though a man may board a train full of thought of vengeance it is likely to coze out after a few hours' hearing kept flashing through his mind, a great many wrong deeds of his life ride, and the visit, instead of being sanguinary, may be one of harmonious peace and good feeling. It may be stated positively that no quarrel became before him, magnified by the darkness and solitude, and among other things he began to wonder if he was doing just right in refusing his consent a telegraph wire has ever resulted fatally.

They tell a good story up at the big to his daughter's marriage. In this frame of mind he approached the

Western Union office on Fifteenth woods; involuntarily he tried to quick street. One of the night men was senden his horse's pace, but the darking press to Richmond. The operator ness and the low murmurings of thunder seemed to have affected the horse, too, and the sagneious brute tried constantly to slacken his pace. heavy I can't adjust enough."

"Is that so?" responded the operator at the Washington end. "Walt a no living being—nothing but the dead in the graveyard beyond. Suddenly the horse stopped and snorted. Mr. Dupont saw two white figures suddenly "How's that?" asked the Washington dart into the road; one stood beside his "That's spl ndid," replied the Rich-mond operator. "What did you do?" horse, and the other beckoned him to descend from his wagon. His hair rose, and his tongue seemed glued to "I took off my cuffs," came back the reply from the Washington man, and his mouth. The silence was terrible.

even the relay and sounder exchanged smiles -- Washington Star. If those white beings would only speak; but no sound came from them. At last in desperation he stammered out: "Who are you, and what do you mean by stopping me here in this way?"
"We are spirits of the departed dead," sepulchral voice replied, "and we have need of your services; descend from your vehicle, do as we bid you,

The terrified lawyer descended and

llow us to blindfold your eyes, in order that you may not discover before your time the way to the land of the shades. No more words must be spoken.

Mr. Dupont was so terrified that he could not speak, and in silence allowed so cloth to be bound over his eyes; then, escorted by his ghostly companions, he began to walk. It seemed to him that licked." he would never be allowed to story seconds seemed ages; every attempt of his to speak was checked by impatient groans of his guides. At last, after walking half around the earth, as it If I were fair,

O, just a little fair, with some soft touch
About my face to glorify it much!
If no one shunn'd my presence, or my kiss,
My heart would almost break beneath its bliss.
The said, each pilgrim shall attain his goal,
And perfect light shall flood each blinded soul,
When day's flush merges into sunset's bars,
And night is here. And then beyond the stars
I shall be fair!
—Edith Rutter, in London Speciator. seemed to him, he realized that he was being piloted up some steps, and by the feeling of warmth he knew that he had left the open air.

"The justice of the peace may be seated," said the ghost who had done all the talking.

Mr. Dupont sat down and the cloth was quickly removed from his eyes, revealing to his astonished gaze the interior of a room dimly lighted by wax candles. Every side was hung with black curtains, and on four black-covered stools facing him sat four white-robed specters, while beside him stood another dressed like his companions. Before he had time to more than wonthe peace in the little town of Marider at his strange surroundings, the spokesman began:

"Mr. Dupont, we have a solemn duty for you to perform. You are a justice nine years. Men of Mr. Dupont's type of the peace in the world of the living, and a man dear to us on account of your noble life; therefore are you here. We have in these abodes of the dead two young shades recently come from the other world. Each of these died of a broken heart because a stern parent forbade them to marry? What do you think, sir, of such a parent as that?" who are, nevertheless, very supersti-tious, so much so, indeed, that a glimpse

Mr. Dupont wiggled about uneasily in his chair, and at last said: "I think, good shade, it was very wrong of him."
"We knew you would," resumed the ghost, "because you are a kind man, and one who loves his children. Now do we understand you to say that if the poor girl had been your child it would

resolved that his two children, Henry never have happened?" "Surely it never would," replied the frightened Mr. Dupont. "We have not misjudged you, then," replied the shade, while the other four ghosts nodded approvingly. "We have summoned you in order that you may unite them in wedlock, so that in this ment in business was more than ful-filling his father's expectations. It had world at least they may be happy. Such a marriage as this is not common among always been Mr. Dupont's desire that us, so we brought you here, a good jus tice of the peace, rather than a minister, who might have been shocked at these proceedings. You can marry them just as well as a clergyman. Now, sir, will you oblige us by marrying these two shades? If you will consent, you may depart at once to your home Will you?"

Marry the two shades? Of course h would; anything to get away from this terrible spot. And so, without the precaution of stipulating his fee, he stammered out: "Oh, yes, surely, anything you wish."

No sooner had he given his consent and with rare diplomacy induced Sam than one of the black curtains was Pomeroy to "sneak" his father's gun drawn aside and two other beings in The other shades rose, and Mr. Dupont, not wishing to be the only one to keep quite how to proceed. They looked exactly alike; he did not know which was so he began at once. Some way he managed to get through, although he

relief, the "I do" was said by each, and the justice finished with the "I pronounce you man and wife."

But all was not yet over. No sooner had the words left his lips than one of the beings before him threw aside its ghostly robe, and there, in a beautiful wedding gown, stood—his daughter, Margaret. Mr. Dupont started to speak, but he only gasped, for around him stood the other ghosts; they, too, had thrown aside their robes and stood revealed. Could be believe his eyes? es, there was no mistake, he had married his daughter to Charles Foster, in the presence of his wife, his son and he would have be the wildcat's boun three family friends; and the justice knew enough of law to realize that the ceremony was binding. The black curtains, too, were torn down, and there

they all stood in his own parlor.

There was no help for it, consequently Mr. Dupont submitted, and someway all his friends thought that he was very glad that the joke was played upon him; at any rate. played upon him; at any rate, in later days, as he trotted his grandhildren on his knees, he never tired of selling over and over again into their wondering cars the tale of the specter wedding.-Frank D. Blodgett, in Amherst Literary Monthly.

HIS REASON. 'm in love, and you ask why, old fellow! By Jore, man, but how can I tell— Unless it, may be, is her beautiful eyes That are starry and tender like—well,

Like the pure eyes of angels in pictures— But no, now I think, it's her mouth, With lips just like curied crimson rose leaves, Warm and sweet with the breath of the south

then her hair-ah! her hair in the sunshine, It's like copper and gold in its sheen, and she braids it in some way that's perfect, And it crowns her small head like a queer 'orhaps it's her chic way of dressing.

She is always so faultlessly sweet, From the crown of her low Paris turban To the small varnished shoes on her fe There was never another dressed like her.

You are laughing! -Oh! come now, old fellow You're a celibate, heartless and wise— o was I—yet a small thing may change you— Just one look into some woman's eyes.

—Marie Joureau, in Brooklyn Life.

PLANTIN' 'TATERS.

A Job Which Sam Pomeroy Cordially Hated.

How Joe Crane Showed Him a Pleasas Way to Get Rid of It-But Then Hayin' and Harvestin' Are to Come

When I was fishing down on Barley from your vehicle do as we bid you, run Doc Barnes came in one day and and on the word of a ghost you shall said he had just been up to Farmer not be harmed."

Ben Pomeroy's and Jim Crane's taking The terrified lawyer descended and stood by the speaker's side, while the Jim's boy Joe. The circumstances that other ghost tied his horse to a tree and jed to his call up in that neighborhood, joined them. "Yield yourself entirely to us and sources, were substantially as follows: you shall be safe," said the spokesman.

Fourteen-year-old Sam Pomeroy was "You must needs walk far and must industriously planting potatoes in a back field on his father's farm that

forenoon when thirteen-year-old Joe Crane came along.

"Plantin' taters, Sam?" said Joe. Sam said he was. "What do you git fer doin' it?" asked "Don't git nothin' fer doin' it."

"Fer not doin' it I get Then there was silence for a ment. By and by Joe said: "It's too wet to plant 'taters. They'll rot." 'Don't seem to strike my pap that way," said Sam, and he planted along

silence for a spell. Then Joe said: "Tha's a wildest up here apiece "Go 'way!" exclaimed Sam, straight-

ning up and leaning on his Where'bouts?" Jist beyond the laurel patch, nigh the edge o'the Devil's Rut," replied Joe. Sam pondered in silence for a minute, with his chin on his hoe, and then, sigh ings resumed his planting. Joe broke

the silence again: "Can't you sneak your pap's gun?" "I've snuck my pap's." "Yes, I kin sneak it easy enough," said Sam, leaning on his hoe with one hand and scratching his head with the other. "But pap'll lick me like tarna

tion fer knockin' off plantin'." "Tha's two dollars bounty now for the wildcat's cars," insinuated Joe. 'An' the hide's wath two dollars more.' "That's so," said Sam, shaking his head dolefully. "Durn the taters!" Tha's a circus over in town reck." said Joes "an' 'taint fur yit till

"Not by a jugful, he won't!" claimed Sam, dropping the "Where'll I meet you, Joe?" "By the rock spring," replied Joe. 'I got pap's gun hid up there."

the Fourth o' July. I s'pose your pap'l

give you two dollars, o' course, to take

And Joe went back to the woods rhile Sam took a circuitous route for me, as his father was plowing on the lirect route. In less than a quarter of an hour he and Joe loaded their gun at the rock spring and marched for the place where the wildcat was alleged to lurking. That there was a wildest the vicinity, and a big one, was well Some said there were two. me had been seen several times, at any te, and a number of lambs had been illed and carried off, and poultry yards al been thinned out in a way that deoted the methods of the wildcat. So ere was no doubt that one of these destructive prowlers at least was operating in the neighborhood. Men had unted for it and trapped for it, but it had thus far cluded hunter and trapper. The day Joe Crane appeared to l'omeroy on the potato field he had been looking for a hawk's nest that he believed was somewhere among the old pine stubs around the Devil's Rut when he ran across a big wildcat, which ran up a tree, erouched in the fork, and glared back at him. He had thereupon hurried home, "snuck" his father's gun,

and join in a campaign against the wildentered and stood before him. cat's pelt and cars.
ther shades rose, and Mr. Dupont, Joe, as the arbiter of the hunt, sent Sam through the laurel patch when his seat, rose too. The good justice had they got there, where he shrewdly susnever married shades; he did not know peeted the catamount had his refuge. while he himself went around the patch to be ready for the wily game if Sam the bride and which the groom. He wished he were well out of it, and the and got a shot at it. He broke one of only way to gain his wish was to pro-ceed quickly with the ceremony, and on out of the laurels on three legs. It its hind legs, but the wildcat bounded came out near Joe, and he gave it a managed to get through, although he charge from his pap's gun, and tumbled could not have told afterward how it heels over head. It fell, kicking and was done. He turned to the bride yelling, right on the edge of the Devil's when he said: "Do you take this woman Ent. and its dying kicks carried it over to be your wedded wife?" and to the groom when he should have addressed tom of the ret.

The Devil's Kut, so-called, is a car you on a small scale. It is a seum in widest part, thirty feet deep and a quarter of a mile long. Joe and Sam could see the wildcat lying there dead. To climb down the side of the opening was an impossibility, and it looked as if the hunt was to be a fruitless one

after all. "We're dished!" said Sam, "an' I'm a heap worse off than nothin', fer all I'll

git now'll be pap's liekin'!" But Sam was too much of a pessimist. Joe was optimistic. If he hadn't been ty and its skin, perhaps, but both he and Sam would have returned home with more skin of their own than they did, to say nothing of clothes.

It is a great place for wild grapes

around and about the Devil's Rut. The vines extend from tree to tree, some of them in continuous stretch for fifty feet or more. It took Joe Crane no longer than two minutes to think out a plan for securing the wildest and all that it implied. He traced out a vine that had thrown itself through the trees for fifteen or twenty yards from its parent cane. He climbed the trees in succession, cutting the vine loose from the branch vines and tendrils that held it, and at last had it free, a long, strong natural rope, fully fifty feet in length. The two boys tested its strength by both putting their weight on it at once, and hanging from it. It held stanch and safe to its native tree. Joe lowered the vine to the bottom of

the Devil's Rut, and went down into

the ravine, hand over hand upon it. His intention was to fasten the wild-

cat's carcass to the vine and haul it up.

But while Sam was waiting for the signal to pull away he heard Joe shouting something else.

"Hello, Sam!" Joe's voice came up from the Rut. "Drop down here with the guns! Tha's a hole full o' more

Sam couldn't drop down with the guns, so he tied them to a long graperine and lowered them to the Then he dropped himself down Joe's grapevine and joined Joe in the Rut. "Look in youder!" said Joe, pointing to a big how in the rocks. Sam looked, and saw four balls of fire, all in a row.

"Each pair o' them balls o' fire," said Joe, "is two dollars fer bounty an' two dollars fer hide. That's tootems four is eight, and this feller layin' over here is tootems two is four, makin' twelve, cordin' ta Duboll. You take the two balls on the nigh side, Sam, an' I'll take the two on the off side. When I say three, let her bim!"

It seemed a good while to Sam before Joe said three, but when the word came he "let her bim," according to di-rections. Both guns went off at once, and the four balls of fire disappeared, but something else came in sight. Two wildcats bounded out of the hole in the rocks, over the bodies of the two Joe and Sam had shot, and while the report of the guns was still bowling along the narrow passage in booming echoes, and before the boys had time to mixed up on the rocky bottom of the Devil's Rut with wildcats, grapevines, guns and stones in such a way that the mpress of it on their minds will be fresh and vivid long after the impressions it made on their bodies have

healed up and disappeared. Neither Joe nor Sam can recall just how they managed to bring the end about, but the appearance of the two wildcats' heads conveyed the impression that it was accomplished principally by the butts of guns. At any rate, when the rush and whirl and velling was all over the boys found themselves sitting on the bottom of the Rut without much clothing on to speak of, and with scarcely a spot four inches square from their shoulders down that didn't have the marks of a wildcat's claw imprinted on it. As they sat there wiping blood with such bits of shirt and things as still hung to them Joe was the first to break the allence.

"That hole," said he, "was a leetle fuller o' wildcat than I calkilated on. But them last ones makes tootems four is eight more, Sam." Sam said he "know'd it," but made the apt suggestion that they had better be digging out of there and making for home to get patched up. So they agreed that they had done their share, and would go home and send their paps back after the guns and the wildcats. They hauled themselves out of the Rut

by the grapevines and limped ho It happened that not long after Sam Pomeroy had abandoned operations in the potato field and joined Joe Crane in the wildest hunt, his father strolled over to the field to see how he was getting along. Finding the hoe there alone, Farmer Pomeroy hurried home to see what had become of Sam. Not finding Sam. but noticing that the gun was gone, he started for the woods. In the course of his reconnoitering he at last came upon Sam and Joe as they were making the best time they could home ward, tattered and disabled.

"Jist what I ben a 'spectin'!" exclaimed Farmer Pomeroy. "That gun has gone and busted on you at last! Sarves you right, an' I'll give yer hide a tannin' when I git ye home.

"Don't know about that, pap," said Sam. "You won't find much hide left on me to tan, I'm thinkin'. Then the boys told the wildcat story, and Farmer Pomeroy helped them home on the double quick, turned them over to their mothers, sent for the doctor,

and he and Joe's father went to the

Devil's Rut and brought in the wildcats

and their guns. After Doc. Barnes had

patched Joe and Sam up, he said: "Potato planting will all be over, Sam, when you get around again. "So I s'pose," said Sam. "But then mes the grass and the rye. Them wildcats seen me through the plantin' all right. I only wisht that me an' Joe could find another hole full o' more of 'em. That'd help me over havin' an' harvest, too."-Ed Mott, in N. Y. Sun.

The carriage which Napoleon L used in his famous retreat from Moscow, and in which he started out from Paris in the campaign that ended at Waterloo, is now held by the trustees of the Wellington estate, having been cap tured by the iron duke. It is a twocated conveyance; top and sides lined with iron; there is also a front "cur tain" that can be raised and lowered at The wheels are large and heavy and the steps are finished with curious battle designs done in silver. The emperor used the back seat and kept his llows and blankets under it. back of the front seat was used as a cupboard, and was provided with all sorts of culinary articles and a small spirit or oil stove.-Pittsburgh Dis-

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Preaching every first and third Lord's day, iorning and evening, by P. A. Lyon. Prayer-secting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school at PRESENTERIAN CHURCH

Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9: Preaching every third Sunday afternoon at o'clock by J. S. Cox, of the M. E. church.

Lodge Directory.

E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 548. F. & A. M. Stated meetings the first and third Saturdays in each month at 7:30 p. m. Transient brethren cordially invited d. Henry C. Bourland, W. M.

ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 240, I.
O. O. F. Meets every Tuenday night
at 7,30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. B. WYATT, N. G. C. H. HONT. Secretary HOFFMAN LODGE, No. 507, I. O. G. T. Regular meeting of members every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting friends especially invited to attend.

Mss. J. E. Dav, C. T. C. H. Hunt, Secretary.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 84, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, meets every Monday night in the Masonic building. All members of the order are cordually invited to attend. THOS D. HARRIS, K. of R. and S. HOPKINS LODGE, No. 61, A. O. U. W. Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. ming brethren cordially invited to attend N. W. HUFF, W. M. T. G. TREEV, Recorder

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By the time these courtesies have taken place some early messages have come from the receiving department or from some other wire, and the man behrs a fu; gol darn ts everlastin grind. I wish I ws rich." And the other man says: "No rest for wicked, min pen,' the last words indicating that he wants the sender to wait a minute while he adjusts and tests his pen. Presently he clicks out "g. a.," mean-

ing "Go ahead," and the days work has Operators laugh over the wire, or rather they convey the fact that they are amused. They do this by telegraphing "ha! ha!" Very great amusement is indicated by sending "ha" slowly and repeating it several times, and a smile is expressed by sending "ha" once or pompous gentlemen, who delight in perhaps twice. Transmitting it slowly and repeating it tells the perpetrator of the joke at the other end of the wire tongue's end a great many stories in that the listener is leaning back in his

When the feeling between two operators in two cities, instead of being that of gentle affection is that of strong dislike, the fact can be made just as apparent as though they were within a few feet of each other. No personal collision can occur, of course. This is one of the drawbacks. Hut a man can call names and make threats over a wire with almost the same facility'as by word of mouth. One of the favorite resorts when two operators are quarreling is that known as "fighting eir-Not much is accomplished by this, however, for when two operators strive at the same time to call names

"fighting circuit." James Austin, who is located on Newspaper row, who is a Canadian by birth, brought the story to this city, one of the operators operators in the story being located at Toronto and the other at Buffalo. After a successful exchange of uncomplimentary remarks, they began to fight for the circuit-that is, they both tried to send epithets over the wire at once. They fought for some time. Neither would yield. The man wirth PULLMAN PALACE CARS at Toronto, who was old and astute. saw that the man at Buffalo was young and stubborn and was in for an all night struggle. The Toronto man looked around for a proxy. He found it in the clock wire, which was a wire attached to the clock's pendulum, the swaying of which acted to open and close the circuit. He connected the Buffalo wire with the clock wire and went home to bed, leaving the Buffalo man valorously battling with the tick-tick-tick-tick of the clock. The story ncludes with the veracious statement that when the Toronto man reached the office the next morning he heard the Buffalo man still fighting the clock. See agents of this company for and that when the former disconnected the clock wire and closed the circuit the latter snapped out triumphantly: "I downed you at last, did I?" "Fighting circuit" is probably the most annoying occupation there is. The

practicable they very wisely resolved to wait until some kind fate should come to their aid. This, then, was the condition of affairs when our story be-Mr. Dupont's duties as justice of the peace did not confine his law practice to Marlburg, but very frequently be was called away to attend various law-suits in neighboring towns and hamlets; and it so happened that at this